Yet ſurely *Caſsio*, I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſſe.
Oth. I know *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſsio*: *Caſsio*, I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine. *Enter* Deſdemona,
Looke if my Gentle loue be not raiſde vp: *with others.*
I'le make thee an example.
Deſd. What is the matter?
Oth. All's well now ſweeting:
Come away to bed: ſir, for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your ſurgeon; leade him off;
Iago, looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe, whom this vile brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*: 'tis the Souldiers life,
To haue their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife,
Iag. What are you hurt Leiutenant?
Exit Moore, Deſdemona, *and attendants.*
Caſ. I, paſt all ſurgery.
Iag. Mary God forbid.
Caſ. Reputation, reputation, I ha loſt my reputation:
I ha loſt the immortall part ſir of my ſelfe,
And what remaines is beaſtiall, my reputation,
Iago, my reputation.
Iag. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had receiu'd ſome bodily wound, there is more offence in that, then in Reputation: reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition, oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing; You haue loſt no reputation at all, vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a loſer; what man, there are wayes to recouer the Generall agen: you are but now caſt in his moode, a puniſhment more in policy, then in malice, euen ſo, as one would beate his offenceleſſe dog, to affright an imperious Lyon: ſue to him againe, and hees yours.
Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo light, ſo drunken, and indiſcreete an Officer: O thou inuiſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to bee knowne

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